

said Mrs. Morton. "It doesn't make any difference though whether it is dusted or not. You are getting little anxious puckers between your eyes, Belle, that ought not to be there. You should think of only beautiful and restful things."

"I don't know what this family would do if I followed that advice," said Belle repeating this conversation later to her sister in the kitchen. Anna was struggling with the washing, which was greatly increased since Mrs. Morton wore the elaborate white waists she had recently purchased. A colored woman came each week to help, but she was incompetent and had to be watched continually, so both girls had their inexperienced hands filled to overflowing.

"If mother would only stay out of the kitchen it wouldn't be so bad," said Anna, prodding the steaming clothes vigorously. "She worries me almost to pieces by advising me to let things alone and not worry."

"John, if you will hang up the clothes I'll bake a pumpkin-pie for dinner," said Belle to her brother, who was lounging on the porch. "Put them up anyway, for mother will never notice them. I wonder if Mrs. Whitesides still thinks she is a pizen neat housekeeper when she finds things upside down every time she happens in."

"Better lay them on the grass, son," observed Mrs. Morton from her comfortable seat on the porch. "I wonder why I ever worried about having the clothes on the line the right way when there are so many more important things in life."

"You girls must have been crazy when you urged mother to join that club," said John bitterly, as his sister ran out for the basket. "I don't care if the shirts are hung to the line by the sleeves. If I wasn't on the ragged edge of starvation I wouldn't touch the mussy things at all."

"We girls," said Anna indignantly. "That's a nice way for you to talk after telling mother time and again about Dick's mother and how——"

"Yes, I did," admitted John, "and I should have known better. Dick always had a starved appearance and was tickled to death when mother used to ask him here to supper. Well, all the fellows are in the same boat if that's any consolation. Since the mothers have joined that club Fred Saunton says he wouldn't know a cookie if he saw one and I have only the faintest memory of what gingerbread tastes like."

"John! look there!" said Anna, and her brother waved a limp skirt around his head at the joyful sight, for there at the end of the long line was Mrs. Morton with a gingham apron on shaking out and repining the garments to the wire in the old orderly fashion.

"A few of the mothers of this town thought their children needed a little education along certain lines," she said as they raced to meet her, "so they got up the 'Don't Worry Club.' As soon as that valuable organization has fulfilled its mission it will cease to exist."

"Thank goodness!" said Belle, who had come out to join in the celebration. "I



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thought it was to be permanent and life seemed hardly worth living. We are all ready to go back to the pizen neat days without a murmur."

"And help to make them pizen neat ourselves," said John fervently. "My soul can not rise higher than pumpkin-pie today, in spite of the glorious news and I don't care who knows I said so. Honestly, mother, didn't you make a mistake in the name of your club? Wasn't it work instead of worry that you lopped off?"

But Mrs. Morton only smiled the smile of a very wise woman.—The Advance.

PARROTS.

By Graee Greenwood.

The State of Iowa, among many remarkable things, boasts a very remarkable parrot, about whose story there is something quite romantic and mysterious. A farmer in the southern part of the State was once driving through a lonely wood, when he heard a strange, shrill voice calling: "Stop! stop! Hold up! hold up!" So imperative was the command that the farmer checked his horses, looked eagerly around and then above him, as the voice seemed to come from over his head. For some moments he saw nothing; then, far up in a tall oak that overhung the road, he perceived a large green parrot, which was rapidly letting itself down from branch to branch, keeping up its shrill cry of "Stop! stop! Hold up! hold up!" At last the bird dropped from the lowest limb onto the shoulder of the farmer, and nestled up against his face, with the immemorial parrot-plaint of "Poor Polly! Polly wants a cracker!"

The farmer, though almost afraid of the queer bird so strangely encountered, assured her of protection and carried her home, where she was well fed and kindly cared for in every way, and where she

has ever since remained an admired member of the family circle.

A parrot owned by a good woman in New England not only resembles her mistress in conversational powers, but in social feeling. She is very fond of company, and, whenever a neighbor calls will greet the visitor with great cordiality, bustling up and down her cage and calling out right cheerily, "How de do? Take a chair! Glad to see you!"

Occasionally the invitations are a little awkward; but, as a general thing, Polly acts as the feathered proxy of her mistress, "on hospitable cares intent," like another Yankee parrot, who, on the dropping-in of a certain nice gossiping old lady, always sung out, "Brought your knitting? Stay to tea? Molly, put the kettle on!"

A lady known by the name of "Deb" to friends and parrot, too, is very fond of music and often sings and plays. Polly usually listens complacently, with the grave, absorbed air of a critic. But on one occasion her mistress had a cold, and was out of voice, or the bird was out of temper, or both; certain it is that before the first verse of a popular ballad was finished Polly shrieked out in disgust, "Oh, dear! dry up, Deb, dry up!"—Christian Intelligencer.

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